

SETTLING FOR THE SITES.

The Two Lots on Farnam Street Purchased by the School Board.

Other Improvements Contemplated—Other Business done by the Board.

The board of education held its regular monthly meeting last night at which members Long, Copeland, Gibbon, Lively, Hall, Cormeyer, Points and Specht were present.

From City Treasurer Buck, giving his report showing a balance of \$45,281.49. On suggestion of Superintendent James who stated that he was ready to submit his annual report, it was received and referred with instructions to have the same printed.

From the high school janitor, asking for an assistant and an increase for four months in the year. Referred.

From west school janitor, asking for rooms, fuel, and light. Not granted.

From Cleves Bros., presenting estimate of work already done by contractor Johnson on the new Hartman school. The amount, \$2,000, less twenty per cent was accepted and ordered paid.

The teachers' monthly pay roll for \$7,749.50 and the janitors, \$475, with a number of other bills, were allowed.

From the committee on teachers and text books reporting adversely to the use of German in the high school. Adopted.

From the same committee, reporting in favor of purchasing six sets of cyclopedias for the grammar school. Rejected.

From the buildings and property committee, that contracts had been entered into to build retaining walls at the Dodge, Izard, and Pleasant schools, the brick to be laid in cement at \$10.95 per 1,000. Adopted.

It was determined not to open the night schools until colder weather had set in. Mr. Fisher was employed as a teacher in one of these schools.

The bids to furnish heating apparatus for the new Hartman building were opened. There were only two bids, that of Condit & Co., for \$784, and that of Cox for \$875. The bids were referred to a special committee consisting of Messrs. Hall, Parker, Specht, Lively and Copeland.

The architects report on Contractor Potvin's work on the Long and Leavenworth street schools was taken up. Mr. Potvin, who was present, agreed to the report and the board voted to pay him his balance.

A proposition from the Eureka company to cover the steam pipes in the school buildings was referred.

Propositions were read to grade the school site at Twenty-eighth and Farnam streets.

Mr. Gibbon moved that a warrant be drawn for \$3,825 to pay the purchase price of the two school lots. The motion carried and the proposition to grade the lots to within six feet of the present grade for \$1,100 was accepted.

The appointment of an inspector of the work on the high school grounds was accepted.

The board voted to ask for authority at the next general election to erect an \$18,000 school house on Farnam and Twenty-eighth, one at Castell and Eighteenth to cost the same, and a \$2,500 building and site in Trinitown, and school site not to exceed \$3,000 in the Sixth ward of the city.

The board then adjourned.

Buy B. H. Douglass & Son's Capicum Cough Drops for your children; they are harmless, pleasing to the taste and will cure their colds. D. S. and Trade Mark on every drop.

Annual Meeting A. M. E. Church.

Following is the annual report of the treasurer and secretary of the A. M. E. church:

Cash brought forward from preceding year.....\$ 72.22
Cash received during present year.....100.70
Cash on hand.....100.70
Total amount.....273.62
Disbursements.....611.69
Balance in bank.....527.68
Total indebtedness.....374.48

pay for coal to keep the hospital and home warm during the winter. The offering seemed to be very liberal, and it is hoped that his anticipations were realized.

The musical part of the service consisted of selections of Psalms appropriate to the harvest home festival, and anthems of thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest was well rendered and reflected great credit on the choir.

MORNING PRAYER AND HOLY COMMUNION.
Processional—"Come ye thankful people, come."—Eloey.
Venite—"Chant."—Eloey.
Gloria Patri—"Chant."—Eloey.
Benedictus—"Chant."—Eloey.
Halleluia—"Chant."—Eloey.
Hymn—"Praise to God, Immortal Praise."—Kachner.

Professional—"Come ye thankful people, come."—Eloey.
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ing the confusion by the gendarmes. The daughters were discharged for lack of evidence, but the others were tried at the same time and all three were convicted. The case was a sensational one, and the trial attracted a large crowd.

To make a salad that is certain to please all tastes you need only use Durkee's Salad Dressing. Nothing equal to it was ever offered, and none so popular. It is a superb table sauce.

CHOLERA IN EUROPE.
Gradual Decadence of the Terrible Plague At All Points.

The record of the week seems to justify the belief that the spine of the epidemic has been broken, and that its disappearance is now only a question of weeks. In Italy the deaths have made an average of 1,000 weekly. It is sixteen weeks to date (October 4) since the first death was recorded in France, making about 375 deaths per week in that country. The mastery of the plague in Genoa is really the first fine medical feat of the decade.

Immediately after the first broke out with violence in that city, a fortnight ago, the authorities had the water supply analyzed, and they discovered that of the line source of supply that of the Nicolai company was fruitful. The municipal works supply was pretty bad, and that of the Genoa company was poor. Immense and costly efforts were promptly made to shut off the first two sources, and to turn the latter water into all the pipes.

An immediate improvement was noticed, and the mortality declined. It is now a question of advancing for weeks, as has usually been the case. The mortality in Naples among the better classes has been more than at any other visitation in recent times. It includes eleven priests, a score of nurses, and as many doctors. The temporary orphan asylum at Naples is crowded with children and hundreds of others are privately cared for. Lady Oway having eleven in a small orphanage of her own. According to the official and municipal figures there have been 9,512 deaths in Italy up to date, but people who know the facts, that during September fully 1,250 died at Naples alone, and a Roman paper estimates the total deaths up to Wednesday at 10,800. Out of sixty provinces in Italy, 40 have been infected, and four have had more than thirty deaths, and only eight have had more than one death.

In France the pest is still a deadly scourge, and there seems to be no reason to fear that the isolated cases in the departments of Corvose and Lot mean a dangerous spread. There has been a sad decline in the death rate during the week, since the Marseilles commission of doctors made an elaborate report of many experiments with microbes, all of which were failures, and since Dr. Klein, a Bombay official and an expert, has shown his contempt for the microbe theory by swallowing a quantity of bacilli without harmful result. The commission found it could not be mathematically traced a cholera patient's condition by an hourly examination of the blood, the healthy globules remaining stationary and the unhealthy ones coming between cells forced by others, and taking them gradually off until the column is ruptured.

To keep abreast of the times medically and physiologically, read "The Science of Life; or Self Preservation." See advertisement.

Cleveland's Occupation.
ALBANY, N. Y., October 6.—Gov. Cleveland spent the day as usual attending to the routine business of his office.

Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Old Map That is Suggestive of the Growth of the State.

"Burlington Gazette: Wesley Jones showed us the other day a small folding pocket-map of Iowa, published in 1850 by L. M. Mattingly. It is a curiosity, and in view of the wondrous development of this great commonwealth since the map was made, a careful study of its details is interesting. The east half of the state is divided into counties as at present, and the interior line of the counties then established, beginning at the north, were, Winneshiek, Fayette, Black Hawk, Tama, Marshall, Story, Boone, Dallas, Madison, Clarke, with Ringgold, Taylor, Page and Fremont extending along the southern border to the Missouri river. The only railroad marked on the map, is the Illinois Central, from Chicago to Dubuque, and where now the country is crossed by the iron horse, were plank and government roads. From Burlington plank roads led westward to Keosauqua and Muscatine, and from Muscatine to Washington and Oskema; and northwesterly to Iowa City; and towards the north to Tipton; and thence into Jones and Benton counties. The only military road through the state ran from Iowa City directly west to the Missouri river, in what is now known as Harrison county. The territory now embraced in the counties of Grundy, Butler, Bremer, Floyd, Chickasaw, Wright, Hamilton and Webster is described as the 'neutral' 'Winneshiek' ground,' while the western portion of the state is the Pottawattamie country. The largest lake in the state, according to the scale on the map is 15 miles wide and 25 long, and is called the 'Boyer lake,' now known as Wall lake. The places furthest west on the map are Fort Atkinson, in Winnebago county; Fort Peneuch, in Dallas county, near the Racoon river; and Garden Grove, in Decatur county. Fort Ograham was a military post on the Missouri, near the present site of Council Bluffs. Des Moines is shown as a 'common town' on the map, the larger places being designated as 'county towns.' The state is bounded by Minnesota territory to the north and Indian territory to the west.

STOP THAT COUGH
By using Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balm, the only sure cure for Cough, Croup, Hoarseness and Sore Throat, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Scores and scores of grateful people owe their lives to Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balm, and no family will ever be without it after once using it, and discovering its marvelous power. It is put up in large bottles for \$1.00, and for the small price of 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Kuhn & Co. and C. F. Goodman.

How She Took It.
Arkansas Traveler.
"My gracious, Lucille, what's the matter?" asked an Arkansas father, as his daughter, with streaming hair, dashed into the library.

"Oh, that heaven will bestow its comfort!" supplicated the girl, sinking to the floor.

"For the Lord's sake tell me what's the matter girl!" lifting his daughter.

"George, my betrothed is dead."

"Why don't you take on," said the old gentleman, allowing her to sink to the floor again.

"Don't give away to your feelings in this unreasonable way. You take it as though the prohibitionists had carried every ward in the city."

WESTERN CATTLE INTERESTS.

How the Interests of Plains Cattle Owners are Neglected by the Government

Benefits of Stock Shows—Cattle Conventions—Questions from the State Veterinarian.

It is a little bit singular that the great northwest, with its hundreds of millions of dollars invested in cattle, and with a deep interest in the Animal Industry bill than any other section of the United States, should be denied a representation among the agents, whose appointment is provided for by the bill, to carry out its provisions. Wyoming cattle owners, aided by their neighbors in Colorado, were instrumental in having the bill passed. Texas cattle owners, Chicago cattle brokers, and eastern breeders opposed the bill, and their opposition would have defeated it, had not Wyoming and Colorado worked hard and effectively for its passage.

Appreciating the fact that no man can represent the needs of a business as well as the man who owns and is actively engaged in the business, the Wyoming and Colorado stockmen, through their stock associations, united in asking that a particular one of their number might be appointed on the board authorized by the bill. So far the request has not been complied with. It is whispered that factional politics has much to do with the neglect to appoint the agent whose appointment is requested. It is said that if a request had been made for the appointment of a man who was an earnest supporter of the claims of the head of the department that has control of the animal industry subject, the request would have been readily complied with; but that, because the gentleman whose appointment was requested is above the work of politicians, he has not been appointed. It is pretty hard to think that the claims of factional politicians are stronger than the demands of the men who have hundreds of millions of dollars invested in one of the world's greatest industries, and who make their demand because they wish to protect their interests.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.
Dr. O. G. Gilley, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver."

IT IS TIME TO "LET IT DIE."
The Democratic Party Never Can and Never Ought to Win Another National Victory.

The following remarkable article appeared in the Chicago Times, (Dem.), immediately after the presidential election of 1880, and was, in the light of the certain defeat of Cleveland, a remarkable prediction:

The recent presidential election has shown that there is an invincible reason why the democratic party cannot win a national victory. It is said that the youth of this republic are not democratic. The sons of democratic fathers have grown up republicans. So long as slavery and the war linger within the memory of Americans, the youths of the republic will continue to grow up republicans; and slavery and the war will be remembered as long as the public school system exists.

SLAIN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY,
with the text books. It is vain for statesmen to declare that there were as many republicans as democrats in the Union army. It is vain to affirm that the war for the preservation of the Union could not have been carried to a successful close without the aid of the democratic party. It is idle for the philanthropic to suggest that the attitude of that party to the war in the beginning was a humane one; that it was inspired by the higher and better wish that the removal of the conflict should be peaceably achieved, and the spilling of brothers' blood by brothers' hands avoided. The democratic party has been ideally identified with slavery and slaveholding. The republican party is ideally identified with emancipation and the war. Therefore are the youths of the country incapable of being democratic. Therefore the democratic party can never win a national victory.

ITS OLD MEN ARE DYING AWAY.
The boys who catch the ballots that fall from their stiffened hands are republicans. This fact cannot be denied. It will do no good to quarrel with it. All other causes which have operated to diminish the number of democrats and increase the number of republicans are insignificant beside this one tremendous inevitable fact. The curse of slavery has poisoned the blood and rotted the bone of the democratic party. The malediction of the heart of the nation is upon the young who held the ballot up to their fathers as he hurried to the top of his departing regiment has notakened democrats. The weary foot of the gray grand-mother who watched the children while the wife was busy has not rocked the cradle of democrats. The chair that the soldier father never came back to fill has not been climbed upon by democrats.

THE OLD BLUE COAT.
That his comrades' blood was cut out for little jackets, but not one covered the heart of a democrat. The rattled musket that fell from his hands was not shot because the thoughtless boy of his boys, but not a hand that played with it was the hand of a democrat. The babe he kissed and crowded for his return, and it is unwitting and unnumbered notes were not from the throat of a democrat. The tear-soaked camp letters which he read and slept in the long, bitter evenings, while the boys clustered at his knees, did not fall on democratic ears.

The girls' sobs, blending with the mother's weeping, did not make democrats of their brothers. Perhaps the father had been a democrat all his life!

THE CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL.
There is not a democrat on its benches. The first reader contains the portrait of Abraham Lincoln—that kind and sturdy face never made a democrat. On its simple pages, in words of one or two syllables, is told the story of his birth and death. That story is the story of a democrat. In the pranks of the playground the name of Lincoln is the favorite, and makes the jolliest game. The name never made a democrat. In the pictures that light up the geography are the firing on Fort Sumter and the death of Ellisworth. These pictures make no democrats. The first page of the history contains a representation of the surrender of

Lee at Appomattox. A boy gazes on that and ever after views himself a democrat. In the higher grades the same subtle and irresistible influence is at work. The text book contains extracts from patriots' speeches during the war.

THESE SPEECHES MAKE NO DEMOCRATS.
The great battles are briefly described; the narrative has no democratic listeners. The strain of martial music runs through the readers, and that music makes no democrats. Sketches of the great generals are given; the brave deeds around the enthusiasm of the lava, but there is no democrat among them. The horrors and sufferings of the slaves are told; the maddened blood that mounts the boy's cheeks is not democratic blood. The curse of slavery has pursued the democratic party and has hounded it to its death. Therefore, let it die, and no lip will be found to say a prayer over its grave.

The late defeat need not be attributed to any other causes. Other causes were at work, but they were only incidental. The tariff was one. Sectionalism was a second. "Let well enough alone" was a third. The October failure in Indiana was a fourth. But all these were trivial, and together could not have accomplished the result. The result was accomplished because the youth of the republic are not democratic. The party is therefore without a future and without a hope. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain. The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and rotted its bone. Let it die.

SKIN DISEASES CURED
By Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Face, Itches, Blisters and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Cures also: Red, Sore, Scaly, Scabies, Scalds, and Old, Obstinate Ulcers. Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. Sold by Kuhn & Co. and C. F. Goodman.

The Frog's Autumn Ray.
The summer is over.
The aster is blowing
Beside the calm stream in
The dell.
Then, Mary Jeanina
Louisa Belinda,
My little darling,
Farewell.

No more will I be a Maying
Go down in the boglet,
When moonbeams are gilding
The stump.
No more will I be a Maying
To do the boy's shyness
As swift as chain-lightning
We'll jump.

No more will I be a Maying
We'll daintily bloom
And get on the terrace
My little darling,
Farewell.

LIVING CABINET OFFICERS.
Men Who Have Played a Conspicuous Part in Our Country's History.

A Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes as follows:
George Bancroft is probably the oldest ex-officio cabinet secretary living. He was President Polk's secretary of the navy in 1845. Next to him comes Jeff Davis under Franklin Pierce, and then Judge Holt, Horatio King and Jacob Johnson, who occupied the respective positions of secretary of war, postmaster-general, and secretary of the interior under President Buchanan. Judge Holt and Horatio King still live here at Washington, and Jacob Thompson is at his home in the suburbs of Memphis, Tennessee.

Of Lincoln's cabinet, Hannibal Hamlin, his vice-president, leads a retired life in Maine, and old Simon Cameron is a hale citizen of Harrisburg, Pa.

General Grant, for a short time secretary of war, and his headquarters in New York City, and General Schofield is still in the service. James Harlan, one of Johnson's secretaries of the interior, is a judge in this city, and William M. Evarts, one of his attorney-generals, practices law in New York. Hugh McCulloch, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, left America in 1870 to become a London banker, but I understand that he now lives in Washington city.

Of Grant's administration Schuyler Colfax leads a retired life in Indiana. I saw Elihu Washburn, his first secretary of state, looking hale and hearty at both of the national conventions. George S. Boutwell one of his secretaries of the treasury is practicing law here; Benjamin Bristow, another, has a law office in New York, and William Richardson, who was living in Washington, still feeding off the government treasury. Secretary Belknap is also a Washington lawyer and George M. Robeson was a leading member of the last congress. Of Grant's secretaries of the interior post Zach Chandler is dead, but Jacob D. Cox practices law at Cincinnati and Columbus Delano raises his woolled sheep in the central part of Ohio. Judge Taft, who was Grant's secretary of war, is minister in London, but not Mr. Morrill. Mr. Morrill, alas, is dead. The oldest living ex-secretary of the treasury is Philip Francis Thomas, of Maryland, who was a short time ago defeated in the race for the United States senate. He was for less than a month at the head of the treasury during the latter days of President Buchanan. The oldest ex-secretary of war is William M. Sherman, who was President Frank Pierce. All of the eight secretaries of the navy between Bancroft and Robeson are dead. The Hon. Dick Thompson still lives in Indiana, and Nathan Goff is in congress. Judge James Harton is the oldest secretary of the interior alive, and William M. Evarts is a supreme court justice. Edward M. Stanton, has been long dead. Jeremiah Bland died last year, and Henry Stanberry passed away in 1876. All of the secretaries of state down to Elihu B. Washburn are dead, but the four who have succeeded him still live, and all are in good physical condition.

YOUNG MAN, READ THIS.
THE VOLTAIR BELT COMPANY, of Marshall Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELITE VOLTAIR BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Veal Growing Pays.
Colorado Live Stock Record.

This is a question that has of late been considerably discussed, and has its believers pro and con. As a matter of fact, we will state a case, and the reader can draw his own conclusion. One day the present week the Arapahoe Land and Cattle company desired to relieve some old cows on their range of their progeny that they may become beef ere the winter approaches, loaded a car at Agate with calves and brought them into the Denver

market and disposed of them to the local butchers, realizing therefor \$21.70 apiece. In this connection we will remark that the same company, during the present week, brought in from their Agate range six steers, the aggregate weight of which was 60,700 pounds, or 1,115 pounds each. These cattle were sold at 45 cents. It needs no gaudy saying that veal as well as beef-growing pays.

BULL NYE

Has a Tumultuous Time With an Adult Cyclone.

Graphic Description of the Zephyr's Peculiarities.

Written for Denver Opinion.
Those who know me best will remember that I have never, openly or secretly, written or uttered a sentiment that could in any way be warped into an adverse criticism of the cyclone. Whatever I may have learned or observed derogatory to the cyclone and its cruel and treacherous nature, I have religiously kept to myself. I have even gone so far as to stand up for and champion the cause of the cyclone when its enemies sought to damage it in my hearing. When others spoke in harsh and severe terms of the vandal, murderous work of the cyclone, I said, "Ah, yes, gentlemen, but do not overlook the great work of purification that is done by it in its mad gyrations. Think how necessary are these atmospheric upheavals to rid us of superfluous electricity and purify the stagnant air."

I did this until I suffered personally among men, and even the blue-nosed and sore-eyed hoodlums pointed at me as I passed and said, "There goes Bill Nye, the friend of the cyclone!"

And what is my reward for all this? Like a peaceful Ute, stealing up through the sheltering ambush to saw open the windpipe of a dear friend, comes the ring-tail peeler of the sky, scarcely moving the green leaves as he steals along the valley on his hind legs. The air is like the atmosphere of death. No sound is heard except the dull thud of the woodman's axe as it buries itself in the heart of a pine tree that belongs to some one else. The sun has dropped behind a dull gray cloud that is faced with pale green. Still lower down the steel-gray and purple clouds come boiling over the tree-tops. The tree-tops make few desultory remarks. Katy did say "good evening," and the premature twilight has come. In front of the southwest comes a sullen mutter, a crash, a roar, like twenty oceans in joint caucus, the rush of falling trees, the crash of giant stalks, the thunder of falling waters, and like the deadly charge of heaven's artillery it is over. That is a cyclone—one of the adult variety when it is feeling well. When you see one of that kind alighting up into the sky, do not try to twist its tail as it goes by. It takes a strong, quick man to reach out over the dash-board and twist the tail of a cyclone. He must be strong in the wrists, cool-headed, and soon in his movements.

The cyclone which visited northern Wisconsin on the 9th instant was about as mild as I have ever known. It was measured by the wind, and the sound of "Soot" in an ordinary tone of voice. It blew down three churches, sparing all the saloons, jerked the school buildings crooked, knocked the post-office silly and demolished a dozen stores and places of business. It killed two of the most promising young men and the purest Christian woman in the village. Then it went out into the forest where I was riding, and, according to my own business, tipped me over and broke my leg. Everywhere it sought out the young and fair. It spared the old, the sinful and the tough, but spent its fury on the tender, the good, the true and the beautiful. Is it surprising that it jerked me galley west? No, indeed! I am only surprised that I am alive.

I had intended to say a word or two about what to do when you see a cyclone coming, but this letter is already too long. One general rule may not be out of place, however. First, be sure that it is a cyclone. Then take your family and adjourn to the state penitentiary. Those who have spent the major portion of their lives in the penitentiary will remember with pleasure the feeling of security they experienced while there. I may say truly that I have never felt so safe and secure myself, since—But why rake up old personalities? They will all come to the surface when I run for president.

Bill Nye.

Hudson, September 30.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Once a year the locomotive engineers of the country meet together in convention to discuss matters relative to their calling. This year they met in San Francisco, and, being a body of men, when on vacation, wish to make the most of it in the way of recreation and comfort, they naturally choose the route to their meeting place, which guarantees them greatest immunity from danger and the most facilities for sight-seeing and enjoyment en voyage.

They have an open credit with the railroads, for all lines transport them free of charge, hence their choice is a voluntary act upon their part. This year, the great bulk of the fraternity chose the great Rock Island Route, and were carried toward the Occident in half a dozen of the magnificent new Pullman cars, for which this great route is noted. They chose wisely and well, since they passed over a road with the smoothest of track, through a country of surprising fertility and loveliness, and while journeying at the best of the market afforded, cooked and served in the very best manner, and at night slept in the most luxurious sleeping cars to be found in the United States.

A true engineer is observant and quick to discern danger. There is nothing heedless or reckless in the composition of the Knights of the Rock Island route, their choice of the Rock Island route was a compliment and a testimonial from men best qualified to judge, that they believed the Rock Island & Pacific railway combines in its road-bed, equipment and management, all the qualities that makes railway worthy the patronage of the public.

Jeff Davis' Estate.